

Without Food for Three Years.

PROBABLY no man could go entirely without food for two months and survive. But a spider has been known to dispense without food for ten months; and a beetle has come safely through a three year's fast.



Magazine Page



This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the death, in 1774, of Oliver Goldsmith, who wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield," "She Stoops to Conquer," "The Deserted Village." "He touched nothing he did not adorn."

BEAUTY'S WORTH

A Fascinating Romance in Which an Ingenuous and Beautiful Girl Finds the Rainbow's End.

THE ACTION SO FAR.

Prudence Cole, whose ancestors founded the Quaker settlement of Pottstown, finds herself as a little girl left motherless. Her father leaves her to be brought up by two austere aunts—the Misses Elizabeth and Cynthia Whitney. While she is with them, being reared in the old homestead, her father dies. Prudence is the delight of her relatives. She weaves a girlish romance about Henry Garrison, a good-looking boy, and defends him against the aspersions of a newcomer, Cheyne Rowen, whose language shook the aunts. The Garrisons leave Pottstown. But Prudence cherishes the memory of Henry. Years later his mother brings him to call on her aunts and Prudence goes to visit her at a fashionable resort. She meets a girl friend of Henry's.

("Beauty's Worth" has been created into a Photo Play by Cosmopolitan Producers; story by Sophie Kerr; scenario by Luther Reed; direction of Robert G. Vignola. It will be released as a Paramount picture.)

Screen Version Novelized, By Jane McLean

MRS. GARRISON, correctly swathed in black, heard the will with a smug satisfaction; Henry felt personally affronted; "Your father did all for the best," his mother managed to sob.

Mr. Garrison had no animus against his Beau Brummellish son, but if spirits hear and see he must have grinned widely and patted his widow on her capacious shoulders with his airy hand, wishing her a long life so that Henry might reach a good old age before tasting the easy cash he had been looking forward to so confidently.

Mrs. Garrison never mentioned money; she could afford not to; she made Henry an allowance, not a stingy one, and nothing could induce her to increase it.

Therefore Henry was more inclined to obey her than when his father was alive; "She ascribed his change of heart to his sweet

consideration of her, but secretly she gave her husband full credit.

The big car containing the smug Mrs. Garrison and the moody Henry rolled into Pottstown, through the square and up the driveway to the portals of the white pillared Whitney mansion.

Out of the tonneau stepped Mrs. Garrison, her face wreathed in smiles to offset the half mourning she still affected.

Jane received her with a gasp, remembering her from the days when she was wont to drop in for tea and gossip.

"It's Mrs. Garrison," she cried in a voice that brought the two sisters hurrying into the hall.

They shook hands and kissed each other and it seemed in the heartiness of their greetings and the spontaneity of their welcome that absence had in truth made their hearts grow fonder.

"Not a bit changed," cried the sister.

"Neither have you," echoed Mrs. Garrison.

"We heard of your great loss," said Elizabeth, glancing at the somber garments of the newcomer.

"Yes, Henry went quickly," sighed Mrs. Garrison, "he was always a man of action—"

"You must come in and sit down," urged Miss Cynthia, "Jane will bring the tea, it will be quite like old times."

The widow looked back and called to Henry, "Come along, Henry, I want you to meet my old friends, Miss Elizabeth and Cynthia Whitney."

The correct Henry appeared in the hall and dutifully shook hands with the ladies, his sleek hair brushed back in the latest mode and his incipient mustache giving warning that we supposed to be a man.



Prudence Cole (Marion Davies) in Her Bathing Costume of Antique Vintage Rouses the Suppressed Ridicule of the Sophisticated Society Crowd and Embarrasses the Correct Henry.

They passed into the old-fashioned living room together; and while his mother and the Misses Whitney gossiped and Jane prepared the tea the young man lolled by the sofa and wondered why in the world his mother had chosen to bore him with such stupid people.

For to Henry everyone a fraction more intelligent than himself was stupid, and although a casual observer might have been prejudiced in his favor, a student of human nature would not have been deceived for a moment.

The tea was brought with cinnamon toast and the decade since the departure of the Garrisons was rehearsed with relish by the trio.

"And what has become of your niece, I remember her as a most attractive child."

"She remembers well," said Elizabeth. "Prudence will not disappoint thee."

"She must be quite a young lady now," ventured Mrs. Garrison,

waiting to see the reality before committing herself definitely.

The necessity of calling Prudence was dispensed with by the arrival of Prudence herself, clad in her Quaker costume and wearing her Quaker bonnet.

"Oh, how do you do, my dear?" said Mrs. Garrison, rising to give her hand to the girl. "You don't remember me, but I remember you. I'm Mrs. Garrison."

"Oh, yes, I think I remember thee," said Prudence.

"And Henry—Prudence this is my son Henry—"

They shook hands—the boy who had been slapped so long ago and the girl who had defended him.

Warm flood of sudden recognition on the face of Prudence—vacuous blank on the face of Henry.

"You must remember Prudence," said his mother. "You used to play together."

"Oh—er, ah, yes—" from Henry.

"It seems to me," said Prudence, thereby amazing herself, "that I have a faint recollection of thee—it seems to me thee promised to tell me something the day thee went away from Pottstown and thee didn't do it."

"Oh—er, ah—oh, so I did—" from Henry who was beginning to realize that there was a very pretty girl, no matter if she was dressed in a style not in accord with his ideas of good taste.

"Thee might come into the garden and tell me now," suggested Prudence, "provided thee hasn't forgotten."

A New Viewpoint.

"Run along you two," cried Mrs. Garrison, and waved them outside.

"Isn't she pretty—so chic and such lovely coloring."

The sisters looked at each other, speechless.

"Oh, I know, you don't go in for worldly things, but just the same it's quite as well to realize you've got a treasure."

More About Henry.

"No, I see you haven't let me make a suggestion—let me take Prudence with me—or, better still, I'll write and ask her to make me a visit—this summer—I'm staying at a lovely hotel at Haven, on the coast—very nice—you needn't be afraid to trust her with me, and I'll warrant she'll have a good time."

"She will have to have new clothes," said Cynthia.

"Thee is very kind," said her sister to their old friend.

"Nonsense; the girl is very attractive. I'm sure she'll enjoy it as much as we shall—is it settled then?"

"We will be sending Jane with her!" asked Miss Elizabeth.

"By all means—then you won't have a moment's worry—you don't know how nice it is to see you again."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Advice To the Lovelorn

By Beatrice Fairfax.

A Secret Suitor.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am going about with a young man and he keeps asking me to marry him. Now, don't you think a chap as serious as that ought to instruct a girl to his parents and tell her how he stands in the line of money, position, etc. But no, he never does. Why, I don't even know what his profession is.

I think a great deal of him and it troubles me not to have him ask me to his home or tell me of his financial position, so that I can plan and decide, because I have other offers beside his.

A CONSTANT READER.

YOUR not meeting the man's people need not worry you. There is plenty of room for that when you are formally engaged. But if there is any talk of marriage you ought to know something of the man's ability to support a wife. Moreover, it is very peculiar that you do not know what his profession is. Tell to him as frankly as you did to me. Don't be afraid of facts.

HOW TO WOO SLEEP

LONDON, April 3.—What are the best methods of inducing sleep?

Dr. Hildred Carlill's advice to those suffering from insomnia has aroused the greatest interest.

Exhaustive inquiries have proved that great minds are not often troubled with sleeplessness.

The best authority states that Mr. Lloyd George is usually an excellent sleeper, but when he is unable to sleep he reads history, biography or translations, which are always piled up by his bedside.

The following are typical replies of famous people to the question, "How do you secure sleep?"

G. K. Chesterton—Few things will keep me awake when it is time for me to go to sleep. If I lose sleep one night I manage to make it up the next—but I never count sleep.

Miss Phyllis Neilson-Terry, the actress—If I cannot sleep I read a book that has been recommended to me by a friend, and that usually is effective.

Mrs. Margaret Wynne Nevins—J. P.—I suffer from sleeplessness and when I cannot sleep I recite poetry and psalms over and over again.

A barrister—I have only to read a page of Bernard Shaw and I fall into a dose, two pages bring a refreshing sleep that lasts for some hours, and a whole act of one of Mr. Shaw's recent plays provides me with a hearty night's rest.

When A Girl Marries :-:

By Ann Lisle.

Whose Present Serial Has Scored a Big Popular Success.

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"DID you come in a car?" asked Mabel, with a judicial calm and categorical manner.

"Yes," replied, "in Evelyn Mason's car—a little blue one which she asked me to take care of for her while she went on a—presumptive trip. I parked it down the side of the building. It's there now, of course, how can it help being there? I looked it carefully. No one could take it—that is, no one but the owner, who had a duplicate key, I suppose."

"I looked at each other questioningly for a moment. Then Mabel pressed a button set in the desk.

"I'll have Oliver go down and see if the car's still there," she explained quietly.

After the little lame lad had been given his commission, she had limped away to perform it. I returned to the history Mabel had been telling me when the telephone message from Evvy interrupted.

"You haven't tied up the threads of your narrative," I protested.

"I don't believe I'd better go back to that now. Perhaps it would be better for all of us if, instead of my delivering you a lecture, you were to tell me more about this Miss Mason. I've an idea that the Dick West group is about ready to close in on us, so we ought to share all the knowledge we have—and try to defeat them on the old two-heads-better-than-one plan."

"There's one thing I must know before we start on a new tack," I insisted with a smile to counterbalance my grim determination to insist on probing her feelings. "I want to know what made you confide in me like this. I know how self-sufficient you are—and how proud. You say we're temperamentally alike. Well—putting myself in your place—I know I would not pour out my heart as you've done unless I had a real motive."

Mabel's face crimsoned. She sat in thought for a minute. Then she said:

"At the mention of Rosa Cordova you took fire," she said. "I told you how she and Ramon adore each other, and yet at the thought of an attractive little hummingbird of a woman working to help your husband you are frightened. If we're going to defeat Dick and the crowd he's collected to work for him in devoted harmony we've got to stand firm—without a break in our ranks. So I wanted to do all I had in my power to warn you. If you start worrying over the thought of Rosa's being down there helping your husband don't

An interesting serial of early wedded life.

said this, as if wondering whether she'd struck the wrong note. But I smiled in appreciation before I affirmed almost sternly:

"You've done a splendid thing. Mabel Stores, and a clever one, as I hope events, and I will prove. Whichever Cordova journeys way up there to stand by us will get the welcome due to loyalty. We've had enough of ability-shalving, undeclared enemies. Surely you've made me see that it's up to me to know how to deal with devoted, declared loyal friends."

"How splendidly you've taken my venturing where angels might have feared to tread," smiled Mabel with relief.

A knock at the door interrupted me, and in response to Mabel's voice, little Oliver limped in.

"The blue car you were talking about is gone," he said. "I looked and looked and spoke to the traffic cop and everything. But it's gone. There's a gentleman outside who says he's named Tom Mason and that his cousin, the robber, said it was important for you to give him an audience. It sounds kind of crazy, Miss Mabel, but it's just what he said. Do you want me to get rid of him, or shall I let him in?"

Mabel turned to me and smiled understandingly at the tell-tale expression which had come to my face at this illustration of the little lame lad's fierce and by no means puppy loyalty.

"How shall we have Oliver handle this man?" she asked gravely.

"We'd better see him," I replied.

But my gravity was not to please the little lame boy. It had a tinge of premonition. I felt that Tom's mission was serious.

(To Be Continued Thursday.)

EASTER TOGS FOR KIDS

By Rita Stuyvesant.

FOR Easter there are many charming suggestions for the little girl. The child from two to four would look well in a cunning coat of crepe de chine, fashioned from a yoke, and lined with white China silk. Such lovely colors as peach, orchid, tea rose, periwinkle blue, and pearl gray are used, and a becoming bonnet is worn to match. The bonnets are made of crepe de chine, with an inside flounce of georgette plaited and pleated, and finished with dainty ribbon rosettes.

Henna-colored canton crepe makes an attractive outfit for a child of five. The coat is double-breasted, with small gray bone buttons, and lined with gray crepe de chine. A thin interlining is also used to give "body" and warmth to the garment. The hat is made over a small bucom frame of the henna crepe, with a long slash, ends hanging at the left side. Gray suede pumps and socks complete the costume. This could be copied in any becoming shade.

Strictly tailored topcoats are shown for the little girls as well as for their older sisters, the flappers, and even the boys' shops are selling to little girls whose taste runs toward swaggy tops. Polo coats of camel's haircloth and plaid wool box coats of a lightweight are among the smartest offerings for Easter time.

Rhyming Optimist

WE spend our time in thinking of aeroplanes and soup, of kickless drinks for drinking, of how to loop the loop, with serious attention we raise the Persian cat, our art and our invention was used to build a flat. We concentrate for hours upon a game of cards, we give deep thought to flowers, to grow in our back yards. We simply must discover where Saturn hangs his rings, and there's no time left over for some important things. With interest whole-hearted we study fad and style, and so we haven't started on making life worth while. Our tongues are busy wagging on scientific schemes; but we are strangely lagging in work on brighter themes. Along with facts we're filling about some desert isle, we ought to note that smiling helps making life worth while. Worth more than pots of money, the twinkle in the eye, the look that's bright and sunny, helps many a man get by. Instead of sitting moping about Earth's sin and guile, we ought to practice hoping, which helps make life worth while. We ought to practice giving, with glad and open hearts, for it makes life worth living, ranks first of all the arts. But first and last and ever, let every Jack and Jill, all those whose brains are clever, and those whose brains are dull; all people young and tender, all people tough and old, all those with purses slender and those with stacks of gold, find out what keeps Earth moving, what smooths each rocky mile, they all should practice kindness, for that makes life worth while.

MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS

Read This Letter from Mrs. W. S. Hughes

Greenville, Del.—"I was under the impression that my eldest daughter had some internal trouble as ever since the first time her sickness appeared she had to go to bed and even had to quit school once for a week. I always take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound myself so I gave it to her and she has received great benefit from it. You can use this letter for a testimonial if you wish, as I cannot say much about what your medicine has done for me and for my daughter."

Mrs. W. S. HUGHES, Greenville, Del.

Mothers and oftentimes grandmothers have taken and have learned the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. So they recommend the medicine to others.

The best test of any medicine is what it has done for others. For nearly fifty years we have published letters from mothers, daughters, and women, young and old, recommending the Vegetable Compound. They know what it did for them and are glad to tell others. In your own neighborhood are women who know of its great value.

Mother—daughters, why not try it?

FISH CHOWDER

Just another variation of your fish menu. And a fine one. Use Cod, Haddock, Weakfish, Whitefish or any fresh water fish. Serve steaming hot after seasoning thoroughly with the genuine

LEA & PERRINS' SAUCE

THE ORIGINAL WORCESTERSHIRE

HIS MARK ON STARS

WHAT A FAMOUS ASTRONOMER DID

By Garrett P. Serviss, Eminent Astronomer and Authority on Subjects of Scientific Interest.

THERE is a snapshot photograph of the great Chicago astronomer, S. W. Burnham, who died last Spring at the age of eighty-two, which seems to me one of the most "speaking" pictures that I have ever looked upon. He sits leaning back in a garden chair, with his Panama hat hung on his knee, his elbows resting on the chair arms, a two-thirds smoked cigar held firmly in his lips, while his broad, strongly marked, square-jawed face and his calm, judgmental eyes would suggest that their owner was a typical "self-made" man in the generally accepted meaning of that term, which has nothing to do with astronomy.

Yet he was not a maker of millions or a setter on foot of great enterprises, but a discoverer of double stars, and on a second glance you can perceive that his is not the face of an ordinary "successful" man, but that it contains something which you can find no words to describe, an expression that is stamped with the highest human quality—pure intellectual curiosity.

He put his mark, the Greek letter Beta for B, the initial of Burnham, on 13,646 double stars, which are described in his great catalogue of such objects, and are known to all astronomers all over the world as the "Burnham stars," or "Beta stars."

Burnham possessed qualities which would have placed him in the forefront of business life, and he would have excelled them to that end if he had not also possessed something much rarer—the irresistible will to increase human knowledge on the side where it has the smallest bearing upon the ordinary affairs of life, but where, at the same time, it exerts its greatest influence over the mentality of the race.

After completing for the day his exacting work of court stenog-

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That is the joyful cry of thousands since Dr. Edwards produced Olive Tablets, the substitute for calomel.

Dr. Edwards, a practicing physician for seventeen years, and calomel's old-time enemy, discovered the formula for Olive Tablets while treating patients for chronic constipation and torpid livers.

Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets do not contain calomel, but a healing, soothing vegetable laxative.

No griping is the "keynote" of these little sugar-coated, olive-tarred tablets. They cause the bowels and liver to act normally. They never force them to unnatural action.

If you have a "dark brown mouth"—bad breath—a dull, tired feeling—sick headache—torpid liver, constipation, you'll find quick, sure and pleasant results from one or two of Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets at bedtime.

Thousands take them every night just to keep right. Try them, like and lose.

"A Mayonnaise just as you would like to have it"

Produced by the blending of quality and purity

EAT IT WITH LETTUCE AND TOMATOES

Sold by all dealers at 12c, 30c, 50c and 95c

RICHARD HELLMANN'S BLUE RIBBON MAYONNAISE

The wide-mouth, screw-top glass jars have many household uses.

